



Casey's Big Moment

In Mudville town, the game was tough,
The team was trailing, things were rough.
With just one inning left to play,
The crowd's hopes were fading away.

But in the stands, some fans still sat,
Hoping for Casey to swing his bat.
“If only Casey gets his chance,”
They thought, “he'll do a victory dance!”

First came Flynn, then came Blake,
Hitting the ball for the team's sake.
Flynn hit a single, Blake hit, too!
Now, the crowd's excitement grew.

With cheers and shouts from every side,
Casey walked out with a stride.
With a smile and a confident flair,
He tipped his hat to the crisp, cool air.

Casey watched the first ball zoom,
“Not my style,” he said with room.
“Strike one!” the umpire called aloud,
While the crowd's roar grew more proud.

Another pitch flew, fast and straight,
Casey stood there, deciding his fate.
“Strike two!” said the ump, and the crowd went wild,
But Casey just stood, calm and mild.

With a scowl, Casey got ready to hit,
Determined this wouldn't be it.
The ball flew, Casey swung with might,
The crowd watched the ball take flight.

But oh, in a twist no one foresaw,
Casey missed, to everyone's awe.
No cheers in Mudville, just silent stares,
For Casey missed in his biggest of dares.

Somewhere else, the sun may shine,
And people laugh, feeling fine.
But in Mudville, it's a quieter day,
For their hero Casey didn't save the play.